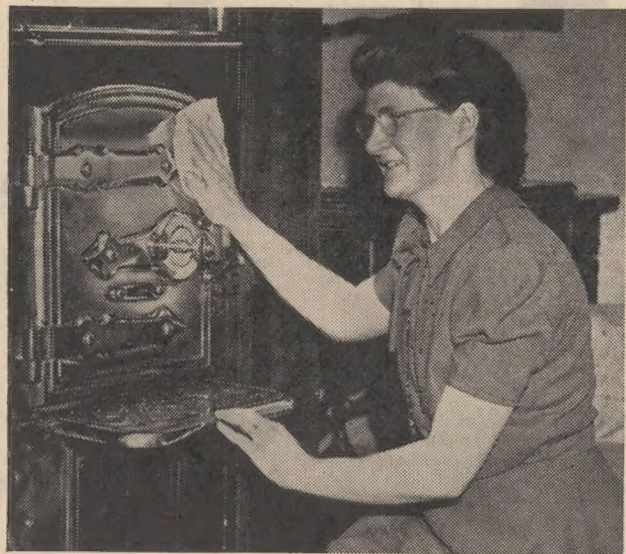


Good Morning 417

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Your Fireside is Champion A.B. John Alty

Now, I'm not wishing to start a private war in the Submarine Service, nor do I want to start a miniature War of the Roses all over again, but I'm telling you guys quite definitely that the finest fireside I've come across in Lancashire is at the home of Able-Seaman John Lord Alty, at 9, St. George's-st., Chorley.

And—as I'm a Yorkshireman—that's pretty high praise. In fact—to show what good sports the White Rose lads are—I'll say that it is the finest fireside in the two counties.

And to prove that what I say is true, "Good Morning's" cameraman, Bill ("Snapper") Thompson, took this picture of it. You boys can now trot out pictures to challenge this statement, if you like, and I'll hold any money that may be flying around afterwards.

Able-Seaman Alty's Mum is so proud of her gleaming kitchen range that mirrors are more or less superfluous in the house, because, at any hour of the day or night, you can always see your face in it.

"I dust it many times a day," she told me, when I asked her for the secret of its beauty, "but what keeps it so nice is the fact that I use plenty of elbow-grease."

Now, then, you married submariners, if you want to have a fireplace that all your friends will envy, see to it that she lays in a good stock of elbow-grease, pronto!

Joking apart, the fireside at the Alty's is a joy to behold. It's jet black and silver, and it transforms the already nice kitchen into a veritable palace. The highly polished parts reflect the warm rays of the cheery fire, and the reflection of the flames dance and leap all round the room.

I'll bet you spend many an hour there, John, with your precious books. I heard all about your passion for reading, and I want to tell you that I entirely agree with you when you say that there isn't a better friend in the world than a good book.

There's been a bit of a contretemps at home—all over your eight-years-old brother Keith.

Partly because he's got a brother in the Navy, and partly because—at eight years of age—he's feeling very much a man, Keith flatly refuses to be seen going to school with sisters Joyce (6) and Doreen (4).

"What," he says, sticking out his chest, "Catch me doing such sissy stuff as taking girls to school!"

However, the situation has been saved by Joyce, who looks after little Doreen like a mother.

But Keith isn't the only one proud of you, John. The two girls wanted to do something to help a Savings Campaign that Chorley was running, so they organised a gala, and together with the other children in the street, managed to raise nearly 35 bob, which was duly invested.

Baby Carol is cheery as ever, A.B. Albert Timmins

Your wife Anne told me that baby Carol now weighs 13½ lbs. and that she is gaining weight each day.

Anne was asleep in her pram in the garden when I called at your home in Grosvenor-street, Wolverhampton.

She awoke on her own, opened her big blue eyes and gave me a smile for the camera.

Connie is quite well and sends you her love, and your mother and father send a heap of good wishes.

Ken is all right; he manages to get home most week-ends. Your wife says she likes her morning job, but she finds

Go Cargo—It's Smokeless

Says Capt. Joseph Hawkins

MENTION has been made at last of one of the big war-time secrets of the merchant service that will make a huge difference to sea travel after the war.

This is a device for consuming the smoke of a ship. No more smutting funnels drifting down black smudges on to ladies' cruising frocks! The merchantman of to-morrow—or even to-day—glides along clean and handsome as a yacht.

At present, of course, the chief importance of the device is that submarines cannot pick up that telltale smear on the horizon that announces the coming of another victim—or maybe a U-boat killer!

But in peace-time smokeless ships will add one more luxury to the cruises in the sunshine that we shall all need when the long strain is done. A minor point is that paintwork will remain, at last, like any keen and energetic master expects it to look—dazzling and spotless; and decks will be really white, too.

I have been aboard some of the boats that are coming out of British yards, built with an eye to your cruising needs after the war. They are beauties, and no mistake!

Capable of a speed of over 15 knots, clean as greyhounds in the lines, yet roomily built for cargo and steadiness in a cross-sea, they run around the 12,000-ton mark, among the biggest cargo ships in the world.

Such a vessel can carry locomotives or heavy machinery, and load and unload it with her own winches. At the same time, slight adaptations could create truly luxurious accommodation for up to 100 or 150 passengers, without reducing the cargo space much below 10,000 tons.

Air liners are going to skim most of the first class passengers from the transatlantic and Mediterranean routes after the war; and it is most unlikely that any more ships of the "Queen Mary" class will be built.

who has spent 40 years in Tramps

But you will be able to enjoy your cruise just as much, and probably at a good deal less expense, in a big cargo-liner, running to a fixed schedule, staffed with a first-class chef, trained stewards and stewardesses, and all the rest of the personnel of the Gilded Lily Line!

Do not be afraid that air competition will drive us off the water for a century or two yet! We sailors will take some moving!

Experts tell me that Henry Kaiser, the American ship-builder, who threw up a photographer's business so as to get the necessary to marry on, and now turns out ships like Harris's turn out sausages, is going to produce 180-ton air freighters with three times the wingspan of a Lancaster.

But the same experts say that it would take 200 of these big birds to shift the cargo of one of our new 15-knotter ships across the Atlantic in the same time as the vessel would take.

Moreover, the aircraft would need about 1,000 experts as crews, against 60 men in the ship; and to shift that cargo over, the ship would burn £5,000-worth of fuel, while the air fleet would burn £1,000,000 - worth of petrol.

So, you see, there will be ships yet awhile, both for your cargoes and your cruises.

When they took over a lot of our swanky liners for troopships, all the conversions were done with an eye to quick reversion after the war is over.

Most brilliant devices are employed; in large areas of the ships, wooden wedges were used—never even a nail!—and all you need to do to remove tiers of berths, and so on, is to go round and knock out the wedges.

After that, the ships can be fitted up again in no time, all ready for an idle voyage down through Mare Nostrum or up



among the fjords on the trail of the good old "Cossack" or the midget submarines.

There will be some funny do's in post-war shipping—though they won't prevent you taking your cruises.

For instance, when this war began, we had twice as much merchant tonnage as the United States. When it ends, shipping magnates tell me, the United States will have three times our merchant tonnage at least; and ours will be somewhere about half what we normally consider a peacetime level.

Canada, South Africa and other countries are coming into the shipbuilding game. A famous Canadian economist said recently that Canada can now build merchant ships on a scale comparable to Britain pre-war. They will not stop building because Hitler stops breathing; far from it.

All this is going to make some excitments on the shipping market in a year or two's time. But its effect on you will probably be that there will be exceedingly low-priced cruises offered you for a few years, after the initial movements of bulk foodstuffs to Europe and of troops back to their homes.

I foresee cruises becoming within the reach of almost everyone; and very nice cruises some of them will be.

When you go, try not to forget us altogether.

I know the perfect cruise-seaman is seen and not heard, and not seen too often at that; and you can count on us skip-pers giving the public what it wants in that direction.

But, as you lie drowsing in your deck-chair under the South Atlantic sun, or idly watch the Mediterranean sliding

past into the white track at the stern, or maybe look sleepily across at Pacific palms on blinding coral reefs set in deep sapphire, just remember sometimes that the bronzed 20-years-old seaman in the bows may be Terry Garrigan, who, at 16, won the D.S.M. on the Russian run; or the old salt with the long-distance eyes may be Tom Gardiner, who, at 77, wouldn't stay in hospital after a bad wreck, and more or less ran away back to the wartime sea.

Some of the Masters you see up on the bridges of the cruise ships may be men who have sailed 150,000 miles—or twice as much!—through U-boat infested waters without ever losing a ship. Others may have tramped it in the bad days of 1941 on the Malta run, or gone unescorted through those sea passages that used to be known as Hell's Mouth or Shipwreck Strait.

The long, sunny days are coming back to us, and Hitler can't stop 'em any more than he could stop us crossing the Atlantic when the U-packs were at their worst.

It won't be long now before you, maybe, stretch out your feet along the deck, sip a drink in the sunshine, read a book, and hear the ship's bell echoing gaily; or maybe lean over the rail with some girl while the dance-band down below put in a background of sea-going romance.

Remember us then—give us a fair show—don't let us have another spell like the graveyard time of 1920-30. And we'll remember you, and the way you backed us up through the strain of war; and we'll try to give you the cruise of a lifetime!



her time full up with baby.

Funny thing, but awake or asleep, babies seem to demand every moment of their mother's time.

"Tell him Carol is as cheeky as ever," said your wife. Carol and I both send him heaps and heaps of kisses and

want him back home as quickly as possible."

Carol is only four months, but already she seems to be the head of the house. She is a sturdy girl and seems to have made up her mind that she is going to laugh her way through life.

Strange World . . .

The pole-cat, carnivorous member of the weasel family, shares this characteristic with the skunk: it emits an offensive odour.

Biggest publishing house is the Religious Tract Society, which circulates 60 to 70 million copies of its publications yearly.

The King of Italy took away the temporal power of the Pope in 1870, and no Pope left the Vatican between appointment and death until 1929, when peace was made between the Church and State in Italy and a sum of nearly £20,000,000 was paid to the Holy See as compensation.

Spectacles, made either of glass or rock crystal, are said to have been invented in 1285 by a Florentine monk, Alexander de Spina, and there are other claimants, including Roger Bacon.

Some fifty miles from Freetown, Sierra Leone, is a mountain which is almost a solid mass of millions of tons of iron ore.

Dudley Malone, a Californian lawyer, so closely resembles Winston Churchill that he was able to impersonate him in the film "Mission to Moscow" without make-up.

It is computed that since 1469 B.C. the world has had 3,120 years of war and 291 years of peace. Europe since 1919 has had 17 wars and the rest of the world another nine.

Slings as a weapon of attack are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament; it was with a sling that David slew Goliath. The Roman and Carthaginian armies had bodies of slingers, and slings were used even as late as the 17th century to save powder. It is a most deadly weapon in the hands of skilled men.

Led by a Roman woman, Quintilla, in the second century, the Quintillians used bread and cheese for the Eucharist and permitted women to be priests.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Sweet Liberty

PART 8

ON board the *Pilgrim* every-thing went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible, but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end.

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us in the fore-castle. If anyone was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him or turned the subject.

But the behaviour of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a delicacy and a sense of honour which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life.

Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account, and in all his complaints he said that if he alone had been flogged it would have been nothing, but that he never could see that man without thinking that he had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him.

John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate that he had suffered.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor and made sail for San Diego.

In no operation can the disposition of a crew be discovered better than in getting under way. Where things are done "with a will" everyone is like a cat aloft, sails are loosed in an instant, each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round with the loud cry of "Yo, heave ho! Heave and paw! Heave hearty, ho!"

But with us at this time it was all dragging work. The mate, between the knighthoods, exhausted all his official rhetoric in calls of "Heave with a will!" "Heave hearty, men!—heave hearty!" "Heave and raise the dead!" "Heave and away!"; but it would not do.

Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts. And when the cat-tackle-fall was strung along, and all hands—cook, steward, and all—laid hold to eat the anchor, instead of the lively song of "Cheerily, men," in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy, silent pull, and the anchor came to the cat-head pretty slowly.

"Give us 'Cheerily!'" said the mate; but there was no "cheerily" for us, and we did without it.

The captain walked the quarter-deck and said not a word.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and at sunset on the second day, we

had a large and well wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbour of San Diego.

Of the vessels, one we recognised as the *Loriotte*; another, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning sun, with the blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome *Ayacucho*.

The third was a large ship, with topgallant-masts housed, and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' "hide droghing" could make her. This was the *Lagoda*.

As we drew near we overhauled our anchor and clewed up the top-sails. "Let go the anchor," said the captain; but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up.

Her jib-boom ran between our fore and mainmasts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

"Pay out chain!" shouted the captain; and we gave it to her; but it would not do. Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the *Lagoda*.

Her jib-boom ran between our fore and mainmasts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale.

This brought us up; and as

they paid out chain we swung clear of them, and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for before any one perceived it we were drifting on to the *Loriotte*.

The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails; in hope of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain. He sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye that he was coming to pay him a visit.

We drifted fairly into the *Loriotte*, her larboard bow into our starboard quarter, carrying away a part of our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumpkin, and one or two stanchions above the deck.

After paying out chain we swung clear, but our anchors were no doubt afoul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove, and hove away, but to no purpose.

Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again.

We now began to drift down toward the *Ayacucho*, when her boat put off, and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board.

He was a short, active, well-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age; and being nearly thirty years older than our captain, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to pawl, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and try-sails, whenever he thought best.

We had no objections to this state of things; for Wilson was a kind old man, and had an encouraging and pleasant way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily.

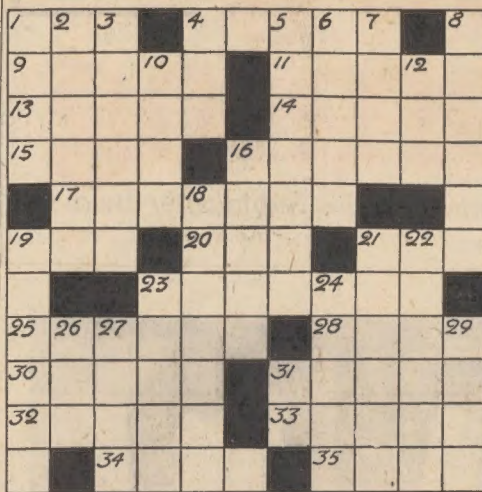
After two or three hours of constant labour at the windlass, heaving and "Yo-ho!"-ing with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the *Loriotte's* small bower fast to it. Having cleared this and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we got out our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbour.

"Now," said Wilson, "I'll find you a good berth"; and setting both the topsails, he carried us down and brought us to anchor, in handsome style, directly abreast of the hide-house, which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got the breakfast.

After supper two of us took the captain on board the *Lagoda*. As he came alongside, he gave his name; and the mate, in the gang-way, called out to the captain down the companion-way—"Captain T— has come aboard, sir."

"Has he brought his brig with him," said the rough old fellow,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Contained.
- 4 Boli.
- 9 Swarming.
- 11 Colour variety.
- 13 Famous dramatist
- 14 Trees.
- 15 Cereal.
- 16 Restless one.
- 17 Rear.
- 19 Salad plant.
- 20 Unity.
- 21 Space of time.
- 23 Mixed.
- 25 Comical tricks.
- 28 Harmful tree.
- 30 Estuary.
- 31 Platform.
- 32 Blaze.
- 33 Nest.
- 34 Untidy.
- 35 Plaything.

WHIT SCARAB
REMARK RODE
ALPS INCOME
SMOKER AKIN
S R CLAD R
ENTER BEGET
O SURE R R
HURT OTTAWA
IGUANA ENIO
SALT MEAGRE
STEELS LEER

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Locks.
- 2 Fair one.
- 3 Round sports object.
- 4 Write.
- 5 Was ambitious.
- 6 Rebuke.
- 7 Suspend.
- 8 Parish ratepayers.
- 10 Change.
- 12 Scottish river.
- 16 Money.
- 18 Concerns.
- 19 Husky.
- 21 Go.
- 22 Leisurely.
- 23 Right-angle joint.
- 24 String instrument.
- 26 Nothing.
- 27 Vehicle.
- 29 Trickle.
- 31 Utter.

in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft.

The captain went down into the cabin, and we walked forward and found a large high fore-castle, well lighted, and a crew of twelve or fourteen men, eating out of their kids and pans, and drinking their tea, and talking and laughing, all as independent and easy as so many "wood-sawyer's clerks."

We spent an hour or two with them, talking over California matters, until the word was passed—"Pilgrims away,"—and we went back with our captain to the brig.

THE next day being Sunday, after washing and clearing decks, and getting breakfast, the mate came forward with leave for one watch to go ashore on liberty. We drew lots, and it fell to the larboard, which I was in.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from the confinement, labour, and strict rule of a vessel—of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master.

A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet while it lasts it is perfect. He is under no one's eye, and can do whatever, and go wherever, he pleases. This day, for the first time, I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard—the sweets of liberty.

It was wonderful how the prospect brightened, and how short and tolerable the voyage appeared, when viewed in this new light. Things looked differently from what they did when we talked them over in the little dark fore-castle the night after the flogging at San Pedro.

(To be continued)

Give me, Lord, neither poverty nor riches.
William Cobbett.

QUIZ for today

1. An opah is a measure of corn, musical composition, fish, snake, flower, fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) The Bible in Spain, (b) Spanish Gold?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Plaice, Turbot, Sole, Herring, Flounder, Dab, Halibut.
4. How many moons has Jupiter?
5. Which is greater, the diameter of a penny or the circumference of a farthing?
6. How long has the Royal Scot been running?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Quija, Ought, Oojah, Ouzel, Ouch, Ooze.
8. What country uses a coin called a Baht?
9. How many keys are there on a standard typewriter?
10. What people are nicknamed "Blue Noses"?
11. Which king was known as the First Gentleman of England?
12. Name five film stars beginning with G.

Answers to Quiz in No. 416

1. Greek coin.
2. (a) D. H. Lawrence, (b) Miss Braddon.
3. Egypt is a monarchy; others are republics.
4. Three.
5. Daily since 1862.
6. Best Dark Virginia.
7. Oxten.
8. Latvia.
9. Anemometer.
10. One without horns.
11. Badgers.
12. John Barrymore, Elisabeth Bergner, Wallace Beery.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Record of the destroyer "Whaddon" is that she never had a breakdown in 100,000 miles of steaming, a distance she covered in escorting 140 convoys off the East Coast of England and in the Mediterranean.

The margin of error in the four sides of the Great Pyramid is only 6-10ths of an inch in 756 feet.

Gunner A. E. Bennett, disobeying orders not to fire, brought down a German plane from his A.A. post, was court-martialled for breach of orders, exonerated, and later awarded the Military Medal.

WANGLING WORDS—356

1. Put solitary in COL and get an officer.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Odhal dripe readymad letlit oyld fo.
3. Mix PAID, add R. and get quick.
4. Find the two hidden countries in: For woman or man dyspepsia is bad; it is a danger many would avoid.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 355

1. Sleeve.
2. She's my lady-love.
3. CER-E-AL.
4. Cab-bage, On-I-on.



Well, maybe he is taking pot-luck, but at least he cannot be accused of mudlarking, can he? Actually, this Northwood (Thanet) tradesman always uses a pair of flower-pots when walking muddy fields... obviously not half so potty as you might think.

JANE



ACHTUNG!—SHE IS UP EARLY!—WHAT DOES SHE KNOW?—IS SHE GOING TO DENOUNCE ME?—SURELY NOT IN THOSE CLOTHES!

ACH HIMMEL!—SHE IS SLEEP-WALKING!!!



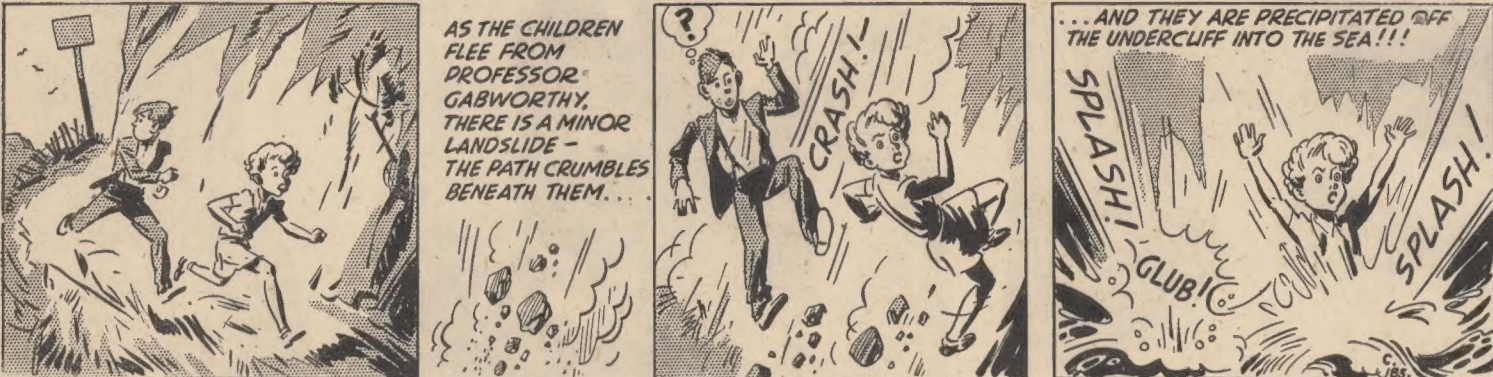
CARELESS TALKERS SHOULD BE PUT IN THE STOCKS!—CARELESS TALKERS SHOULD BE PUT IN THE STOCKS!



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



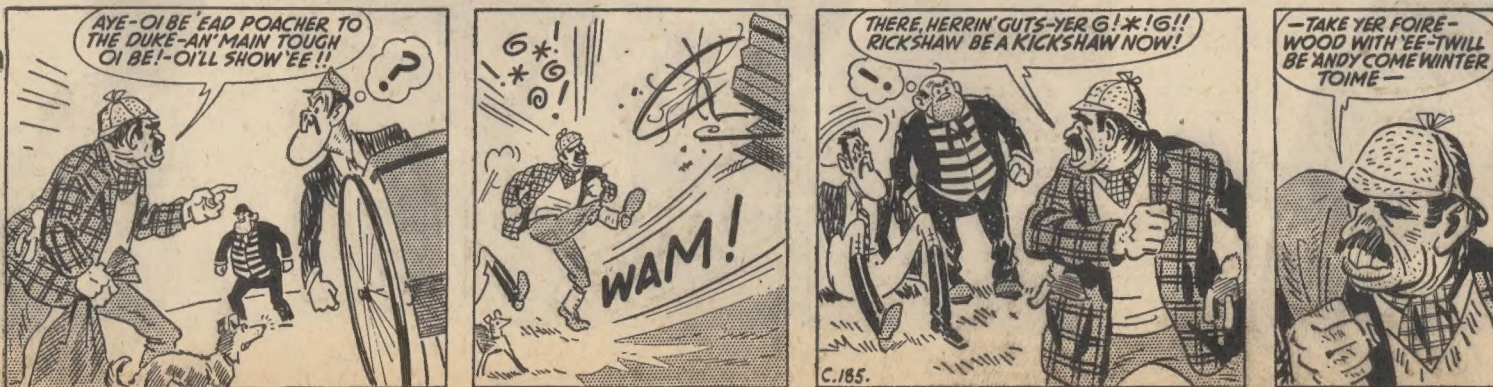
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

THE EMPIRE.

ALL the units of the Empire have their own separate and dissimilar histories and conditions—a few of them, in sober fact, have no history whatever, and the human (or humanised) geography is here the more urgent study. The Empire, at any rate, cannot be studied as if it were a unit like the United States; it has no common literature, or even background. Nor does it help to make of the Empire a tribal myth, a phenomenon to be regarded with awe and admiration, and spoken of only in worn phrases. This is a common practice, and it invites indifference and boredom.... our young men must first learn to know the peoples who make up the Empire as having each a distinct human entity of its own.

W. M. Macmillan.

SCIENCE.

HOW devilishly ingenious are the scientists. Unless we learn to transcend war, they will quite certainly destroy us altogether. The scientific temper which seeks to discover how the universe works and to unlock the secret riddle of things seems to me to be wholly admirable. But science provides man with wonderful gifts, which he persistently misuses. So the results of science, unless mankind can learn a little political wisdom, bid fair to destroy us altogether.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

THE GREATEST RIDDLE.

MANY are the conquests made by scientists and engineers. But our greatest riddle remains unsolved—the riddle of those other worlds immense distances across space. Is there life on them? If so, what sort of life? Astronomers have told us a good deal. Telescopes of greater power may tell us more. But the problem cannot be solved until interplanetary flight becomes possible. Some form of life may be out there across space. Probably is there. Though the conditions may have produced forms of life utterly different from those on this earth.

Harry Harper (Air Expert).

THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

THE British are not a numerous people by comparison with the other two great Powers of the modern world; nor have they ever been a numerous people by comparison with the part they have played in Europe and other continents. They have made much history because their character and conditions compelled them to it, if they were to live at all. In consequence they have always lived dangerously, except in the complacent oasis of the Victorian age.

Sir Edward Grigg, M.P.

CRICKET.

CRICKET is a game which divides opinion sharply, now that it is no longer blasphemous, even in schools, to confess a dislike to it. Consider fielding, for instance. To those who don't enjoy the game this must seem one of the most ingenious time-wasters that the English Genius, with its liking for the slow and steady, has ever invented; and it is understandable that to such the game may have looked like nothing more than a heaven-sent present to Victorian headmasters, who, for the price of four persons' activity, could keep under a watchful eye twenty-two potential criminals every summer afternoon.

T. C. Worsley.

TAKE THIS SEAT, PLEASE!

IN a shipwreck, the modern Englishman will unquestionably give a woman his lifebelt, or his seat in the boat, but in normal life she is a convenient, multi-use electric switch on the wall of his home rather than a person with brains, gifts, tastes, to be developed and used, and a soul of her own to be saved. A few enlightened husbands assure her economic independence; the vast majority accept from her, as of course, an all-round-the-clock service of seven days a week and 52 weeks in the year, and, according to temperament or whim, themselves play Bluebeard, Barrett of Wimpole Street or Santa Claus.

E. O. Lorimer.

FIT FOR HEROES.

AT the end of the last war there was much talk of a world fit for heroes. If the bureaucrats and "planners" have their way you will need to be a hero to live in the new world they will create.

Commander Sir Archibald Southby, M.P.

Good Morning

AND WE ALWAYS THOUGHT
"LITTLE LAMBS EAT IVY"



From head to toe Hollywood actress, Cheryl Walker, presents the stream-lined version of the modern water nymph.



A young thrush on the hawthorn.



This England

A Wiltshire village street, Steeple Ashton, near Trowbridge. 16th Century timbered houses, the "lock-up," and between them the graceful church tower, built in 1480



"While the boss is out I might as well help him."



"Gosh, seems I've touched the wrong key. Not so easy as I thought."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"What a nymph."